

Walter Freeman

Birds in Row

Doctor please, I need a new hope. The more I run, the more the track becomes a living hell paved with regrets. I've been looking for some help. The smiles in the streets they scare. The hands on my back they f**king weight. The picks in my head they help, I believe. Shake, shake, shake, shake. The wine, the whiskey, they became discrete pills. The ice pick, a remedy. I'll never find a way to wake up. And here comes the mourning. I give up the steel is already in. Understand, you're the last chance I take to die. And I don't wanna die. Who cares about real questions giving you the doubt you need? I'm tired of thinking of what I could get to drop out. I'm alone now, I'm the same ol' trap. Longing for a sand box smile to come back. I feel left being, on and on the same glass, and the bottle is down.